

1870.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S OFFERING

OF THE

Carrier Boy of



"THE PICTON GAZETTE,"

TO HIS PATRONS.

PICTON, JANUARY 1st, 1870.

ANNUAL

ADDRESS.

Just upon the midnight hour,
While I slumbered sweetly dreaming,
Dreaming of the happy moments,
Coming from my sunny childhood,
Crowded with the names of comrades,
Bringing with them scented flowers,
And the merry shout of laughter ;
When our hearts were light and cheerful
As the flitting birds in morning ;
When no shadows from the future,
Mingling with our present sunshine,
Chilled us with their dark forebodings ;
While I slumbered quite forgetting
"Copy," "proof," or "printer's devil,"
Suddenly there came a ringing
Slowly stealing through my window,
Floating on the icy stillness
Of the winter's midnight air.

Scarcely conscious of my being,
Nor the fleeting breath of moments,
'Tis, said I, the measured ringing
Of yon clamorous, steepled bell,
Marking, with its usual music,
How the hours are passing from us ;
Teaching us in solemn language,
Strengthened by the past experience,
And the many seats now vacant,
That "our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Thus reflecting, half awakened
From my peaceful, quiet slumber,
I was dropping off in dreamland,
When there came a joyous shouting,
Like the ringing cheer of gladness,
Swelling with the friendly greetings
Of a happy band of freemen.
Then I listened, almost frightened,
Lest some Fenian horde of plunderers,
Or the half-breeds from Red River,
Aided by our courteous neighbors,
Suddenly had come among us ;
With their savage deeds of murder.

But the cheering grew so friendly,
And amid the rapid treading.
I could hear the "happy, happy,"
Chiming with the steady ringing ;
Greetings from delighted mortals
Who, with blessings all around them—
Blessings from our Heavenly Father,
Rich in mercy, truth, and goodness,
Now were wishing joyful greetings,
Wishing all a "Happy New Year."

Up I hurried from my slumbers,
And my heart beat high with joy,
Thinking of rich cakes and puddings,
Roasted turkeys, geese and chickens ;
And the many gifts of friendship,
Crowding through my recollections
Of this happy New Year's Day.

Then like shadows o'er the meadows,
Came the crushing truths upon me,

That my joys were all restricted
By that common fate of many,
Which forbids the sweet enjoyment
Of these festive, yearly greetings ;
Mixing all their little pleasures
With the troubled *daily toil*.
I must labor for a pittance,
While my hopes are wafted onward
To a better time that's coming ;
When by honest labor fitted
For the printer's noble calling,
I shall claim life's richer favors,
And assist the onward marching
Of our country's bright achievements.

That the pleasures of this season
May encourage faithful dealing
With the stubborn world around me,
I have tried this simple rhyming—
Calling back the joys and sorrows,
And the wrecks of human greatness,
Which, upon the surging billows
Of life's ever-changing ocean,
I have brought for your inspection,
Faithfully each Friday morning.
O my friends and constant patrons,
Ye, who through the changing seasons,
Through the sunshine and the darkness,
Have my labors known and tested ;
How with patience I have served you,
Bringing news from every climate,
Gems of wit and sense, all sparkling,
And the steady march of science—
Let your sympathetic feelings
Guide your hands into your pockets,
Where are snugly resting quarters,
Dimes and dollars, *ad finitum* ;
And with genuine brother kindness
Help to bring a New Year's blessing
To your faithful Carrier Boy.

I have watched your joys increasing,
As the year, with changing seasons,
Brought you all life's sweetest blessings,
And the choicest gifts of heaven—
Peace and plenty in our borders,
Where doth nestle all those loved ones,
Cherished by the fondest memories ;
And where bloodless victory's winning
Over sinful human passions,
By the Christian's blest religion.

I have marked the tearful mourning,
When Death came with icy breathing,
Nipped your blossoms in their beauty,
Took away the darling treasures,
Leaving such a broken circle,
And your hearts all crushed and bleeding.
From your pleasant social meetings,
From the bosom of his family,
From the love that bound him there ;
From his public duties, followed
With a thoughtful care for all ;
From the many friends who miss him,
And who kindly speak his name—
Death has claimed a faithful servant,

Snatched our gentlemanly Sheriff from us
Left a vacant post, which never
Can be filled with greater credit.
And again, this "king of terrors,"
Stealing 'mong us unawares,
Claims another of our number,
Claims an old and valued member,
Who, through years of steady service,
Since our country first was settled,
Since our fathers bravely battled
With the rugged foes of nature ;
Has to human ills attended,
Soothed the suffering, always ready
With a kind, paternal care.
Much we'll miss the good, old *doctor*,
And the path he long hath trod,
Needs a careful one to follow,
Doing all the good he done.
Death, how cruel with thy summons !
Oh ! how strange thy visits are !
Why not sought some other victim—
Poor and friendless, sickly, dying,
Wearyed with this feverish claming,
Feeling life a heavy burden,
Longing for thy icy fetters,
And a happy home in heaven.
Why not such a one demanded,
Leaving with us THOMAS DONNELLY ?
First in every public action,
First to lend a helping hand ;
With his cultivated talents—
He whom every one delighted
To regard a noble man.
They are gone, these faithful workers,
Gone from all our social meetings,
Leaving nought that might dishearten.
But a list of noble actions,
Pointing us the way to follow,
Through this gloomy vale of tears.
Then you laid them 'neath the willows,
While your faith looked up to heaven,
There in glorious mansions viewed them,
Free from suffering—home at last.

QUEEN VICTORIA, how we bless her !
Mother, consort, widow, friend !
From her island home in Britain,
Where she reigns her people's idol,
Where her virtues shine transcendent.
From the circle of her household,
From her tender, watchful nature,
She has sent her royal Arthur,
Worthy of his parent's blessing,
Here to greet her faithful subjects ;
Who, though widely severed from her,
Still are blessed with loyal feelings,
In this rising New Dominion.
How we met him with our welcomes,
Welcomes to this fair proportion
Of his mother's wide dominions,
I need not in this remind you ;
For we yet can almost fancy
Hearing nought but "balls," "addresses,"
Brilliant marches, kind receptions,
Where this royal scion was feasted.

ENGLAND, bounded by the waters
Of the broad Atlantic's main,
Firm upon her ancient glory,

Reaching back through many ages—
Girt about by brilliant trophies
Won from many a bloody field ;
With her famous red-cross banner
Floating over hill and valley ;
ENGLAND, still unchanged in story,
Reigns proud mistress of the sea.

SPAIN, that once could boast a Philip,
Where Columbus first encouraged,
Sought a world beyond the billows ;
Where the knights of chivalrous ages
Gloried in defence of freedom—
Spain has roused her martial ardor,
Purged her throne of foul disgrace,
Granted liberty of conscience.
But a factious opposition,
Aided by a treacherous priesthood,
Still bring blood and desolation
On her suffering, wretched people.
CUBA groans with insurrection,
Cruel hate and meagre want,
Onward rolls the fierce destruction ;
While above the din of battle
Comes the wail of widows weeping.

Science lifts her head triumphant
'Midst the sandy plains of Egypt,
In this land of Bible history,
Where the Pharaohs lived and flourished ;
Land of strange, majestic grandeur,
Sphinx's fame, and ruined cities ;
Where the Pyramids stupendous
Gather learned and foolish strangers—
Here a mighty work is finished,
And the flowing sails of commerce
Carry blessings through the land.

At his "Eternal City" reigning,
Where old Tiber rolls triumphant,
And the lofty dome of Peter,
Towering high above the Vatican,
Points the faithful to the cross ;
Here, surrounded by his bishops,
From all Christian countries gathered,
Sits the "Holy Father" counselling
The apostle's faith unaltered.

But my song is growing lengthy,
Far too lengthy for your patience,
So I'll cease my simple rhyming,
With my blessings for you all.
In our pretty Town of Picton,
With her daughters famed for beauty,
Mild and graceful as the zephyrs,
Pure as snow of virgin whiteness,
Kind of heart as any Dorcas ;
Here I pray that joy and gladness,
Scattered by a heavenly wisdom,
May forever be your treasures,
'Till life's troubled dream is over.
Then, with those that've gone before us,
Up above the starry heavens,
Where no parting ever enters,
Meeting in our Father's kingdom,
We shall reign forever there—
This, the parting prayer now offered
By your friend

THE CARRIER BOY.

